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"Bout the dinner at St. Jo?" asked the person addressed—a gentleman whose faculty of alimentary imagination had been at once the bliss and torment of his present social circle.

"Yes."

They all gathered eagerly around Mr. McCormick; even Mr. Dumphy, who was

still moving away, stopped.

"Well," said Mr. March, "it began with beefsteak and injins—beefsteak, you know, juicy and cut very thick, and jess squashy with gravy and injins." There was a very perceptible watering of the mouth in the party, and Mr. March, with the genius of a true narrator, under the plausible disguise of having forgotten his story, repeated the last sentence—"jess squashy with gravy and injins. And taters—baked."

"You said fried before!—and dripping with fat!"—interposed Mrs. Brackett, hast-

"For them as likes fried—but baked goes furder—skins and all—and sassage and coffee and—flapjacks!"

At this magical word they laughed, not mirthfully perhaps, but eagerly and expectantly, and said, "Go on!"

"And flapjacks!"

"You said that afore"—said Mrs. Brackett with a burst of passion. "Go on, d—n you!"

The giver of this Barmacide feast, saw his dangerous position, and looked around for Dumphy. But he had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN.

THE hut into which Ashley descended was, like a Greenlander's "iglook," below the surface of the snow. Accident rather than design had given it this Arctic resemblance. As snow upon snow had blocked up its entrance, and reared its white ladders against its walls, and as the strength of its exhausted inmates slowly declined, communication with the outward world was kept up only by a single narrow passage. Excluded from the air, it was close and stifling, but it had a warmth that perhaps the thin blood of its occupants craved more than light or ventilation.

A smoldering fire in a wooden chimney threw a faint flicker on the walls. By its four figures—a young woman and a child of three or four years wrapped in a single blanket, near the fire; nearer the door two but she evidently did not take his meaning. men separately enwrapped lay apart. They "Grace," he said, desperately, "when

might have been dead, so deep and motionless were their slumbers.

Perhaps some fear of this filled the mind of Ashley as he entered, for after a moment's hesitation, without saying a word, he passed quickly to the side of the young woman, and, kneeling beside her, placed his hand upon her face. Slight as was the touch, it awakened her. I know not what subtile magnetism was in that contact, but she caught the hand in her own, sat up, and before her eyes were scarcely opened, uttered the single word:

"Philip!"

"Grace—hush!"

He took her hand, kissed it, and pointed warningly toward the other sleepers.

"Speak low. I have much to say to you." The young girl seemed to be content to devour the speaker with her eyes.

"You have come back," she whispered, with a faint smile, and a look that showed too plainly the predominance of that fact above all others in her mind. "I dreamed

of you—Philip."

"Dear Grace," he kissed her hand again. "Listen to me, darling! I have come back, but only with the old story—no signs of succor, no indications of help from without! My belief is, Grace," he added, in a voice so low as to be audible only to the quick ear to which it was addressed, "that we have blundered far south of the usual traveled trail. Nothing but a miracle or a misfortune like our own would bring another train this way. We are alone and helpless -in an unknown region that even the savage and brute have abandoned. The only aid we can calculate upon is from within from ourselves. What that aid amounts to," he continued, turning a cynical eye toward the sleepers, "you know as well as I."

She pressed his hand, apologetically, as if accepting the reproach herself, but did

not speak.

"As a party we have no strength—no discipline," he went on. "Since your father died we have had no leader—I know what you would say, Grace, dear," he continued, answering the mute protest of the girl's hand, "but even if it were true—if I were capable of leading them, they would not take my counsels. Perhaps it is as well. If we kept together, the greatest peril of our situation light, lying upon the floor, were discernible | would be ever present—the peril from ourselves!"

He looked intently at her as he spoke,

starving men are thrown together, they are capable of any sacrifice—of any crime, to | fresh stick and stirred the embers. The upkeep the miserable life that they hold so dear—just in proportion as it becomes valueless. You have read in books—Grace! good God—what is the matter?"

If she had not read his meaning in books, she might have read it at that moment in the face that was peering in the door, a face with so much of animal suggestion in its horrible wistfulness that she needed no further revelation; a face full of inhuman ferocity and watchful eagerness, and yet a face familiar in its outlines—the face of Dumphy! Even with her danger came the swifter instinct of feminine tact and concealment, and without betraying the real cause of her momentary horror, she dropped her head upon Philip's shoulder and whispered, "I understand." When she raised her head again

the face was gone. "Enough! I did not mean to frighten you, Grace, but only to show you what we must avoid—what we have still strength left to avoid. There is but one chance of escape, you know what it is—a desperate one, but no more desperate than this passive waiting for a certain end. I ask you again -will you share it with me? When I first spoke I was less sanguine than now. Since then I have explored the ground carefully, and studied the trend of these mountains.

"But my sister and brother?"

It is possible. I say no more."

"The child would be a hopeless impediment, even if she could survive the fatigue and exposure. Your brother must stay with her; she will need all his remaining strength and all the hopefulness that keeps him up. No, Grace, we must go alone. Remember, our safety means theirs. Their strength will last until we can send relief; while they would sink in the attempt to reach it with us. I would go alone, but I cannot bear, dear Grace, to leave you here."

"I should die if you left me," she said

simply.

"I believe you would, Grace," he said as simply.

"But can we not wait? Help may come at any moment—to-morrow."

"To-morrow will find us weaker. should not trust your strength nor my own a day longer."

"But the old man—the Doctor?"

"He will soon be beyond the reach of help," said the young man sadly. "Hush, he is moving!"

One of the blanketed figures had rolled

over. Philip walked to the fire, threw on a springing flash showed the face of an old man whose eyes were fixed with feverish intensity upon him.

"What are you doing with the fire?" he asked querulously, with a slight foreign ac-

"Stirring it!"

"Leave it alone!"

Philip listlessly turned away. "Come here," said the old man.

Philip approached.

"You need say nothing," said the old man, after a pause, in which he examined Philip's face keenly. "I read your news in your face—the old story—I know it by heart."

"Well?" said Philip.

"Well!" said the old man, stolidly.

Philip again turned away.

"You buried the case and papers?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"Through the snow—in the earth?"

"Yes."

"Securely?"

"Securely."

"How did you indicate it?"

"By a cairn of stones."

"And the notices—in German and French?"

"I nailed them up wherever I could, near the old trail."

"Good."

The cynical look on Philip's face deepened as he once more turned away. But before he reached the door he paused, and drawing from his breast a faded flower, with a few limp leaves, handed it to the old man.

"I found a duplicate of the plant you

were looking for."

The old man half rose on his elbow, breathless with excitement as he clutched and eagerly examined the plant.

"It is the same," he said, with a sigh of relief, "and yet—you said there was no news!"

"May I ask what it means?" said Philip,

with a slight smile.

"It means that I am right, and Linnæus, Darwin, and Eschenholtz are wrong. It means a discovery. It means that this which you call an Alpine flower is not one, but a new species."

"An important fact to starving men," said

Philip, bitterly.

"It means more," continued the old man, without heeding Philip's tone. "It means



lonely. It was Anne who kept things going, ley, with natural feeling, snubbed her niece when she made her little brag of being the only young lady in the house.

"Anne is a good girl," she said, "but if she thinks she can replace my own girls—"

"Hush, mamma!" cried Letty, who was a kind soul. "She did not mean to replace us; but I am sure she is a comfort."

And Mrs. Hartley admitted that she was a comfort, though not like her very own.

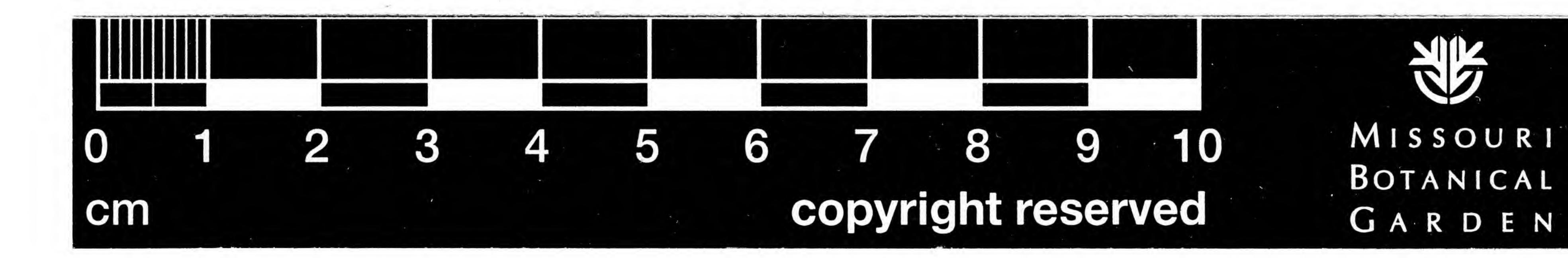
Fortunately, however, Anne did not hear this. She missed the girls very much, and she thought it natural that their mother should miss them still more, and that dreary reflection which comes to so many minds,

"Many love me, yet by none Am I enough beloved,"

had never entered her young soul. She was happy and light-hearted, and contented with what was given to her. The other state of mind, with its deeper questionings, may be more picturesque and more imposing; but to live with, commend me to the fresh heart which takes what it has and is happy, and grumbles not for more. She was twentytwo when she rose to the dignity of being the only young lady in the house; and what with her aunt to love and care for, and her cousins' brand-new houses to visit and admire, and "the boys" still in the house "for company," Anne Maturin was as cheerful and as pleasant a young creature as eye could desire to see. She was pretty and yet not striking, with the prettiness of youth and health, and roundness and bloom and good temper, rather than with positive beauty of any description. Her nose was not worth speaking of; her mouth, like most people's mouths, was somewhat defective. Her eyes were bright but not brilliant; well opened but not very large. In short, nice, warm, shining, ordinary brown eyes, such as you could find by the dozen. Her figure light and springy, her hair wavy and abundant. A nice girl,—this was what everybody said of her; pleasant to talk to, pleasant to look at, but no more remarkable than half of the young women who make our lives pleasant or miserable. I doubt much if in any assemblage of such, at kirk or market, you would have noted Anne at all, or found her special advantages out.

Mrs. Hartley had two sons, Francis and John—the one a barrister, the other in a public office.

John, the public office man, was like most and kept her aunt from feeling too much other young men in public offices, and scarcethe loss of her daughters; but yet Mrs. Hart- ly claimed separate notice. The barrister was the pride of the house. He had gone through a very successful career both at school and college; had made a successful appearance at the bar very early, and bade fair to be a successful man. The successfulness of success was already apparent in him. The further he advanced, the greater became his rate of progress, and the more rapidly he continued to go on. He was only about thirty, and he was already known as a rising man. The Hartleys were all proud of him, though I am not sure that his sisters, at least, were as fond of him as they were proud. Sisters judge impartially in many cases, and have many little data to go upon unknown to the outside world. Letty and Susan had an impression of his character which they would not for the world have put into words, but which they communicated to each other by little side remarks, saying: "It is just like him," when any incident happened which confirmed their theory. This theory was that Francis was selfish. He liked his own way (as who does not?), and when his way came into collision with other people's way, never yielded or compromised matters; so at least his sisters said. But Anne held no such doctrine. Since her earliest capabilities of use began she had been the little vassal first, and recently the champion and defender of Francis; and he was always good to her. That is to say, he accepted her services with much kindness, and spoke to her pleasantly, and sometimes even would applaud her gentle qualities, especially in points where she differed from his sisters. I do not know if he had ever in his life exercised himself to procure a pleasure, or done anything else in Anne's behalf which cost him trouble. But he was always "nice" o his cousin, and she thought immensely f this easy kindness. She was ready to fetch him whatever he wanted—to study his looks, to talk or be silent, according as the humor pleased him. And she could divine his humors much more quickly than even his mother could; for, indeed, Mrs. Hartley was not one of the mothers who sacrifice or annihilate themselves for their children. She was a very good mother—very careful of them and very anxious for their welfare; but withal she retained her own personality and independence. She was very good and indulgent to Francis, but she did not search his looks, and follow tremulously every shade



of meaning on his face, neither did she make everything in the house subservient to her sons. She was the mistress, and such she intended to be as long as she lived.

It was therefore with some solemnity and a little excitement, but with nothing of the intense and painful feeling which often attends such a revelation, that she made a certain disclosure to Anne one wintry spring afternoon, which changed the current of the poor girl's life, though nobody knew

"I am going to tell you some news, Anne," she said; "of a very important kind. I don't quite know whether I am pleased or not; but, at all events, it is something very important and rather unexpected."

"What kind of a thing, aunt?" said Anne,

looking up from her knitting.

Her fingers went on with her work, while her eyes, brightening with expectation and interest, looked up at the speaker. She was full of lively, animated curiosity, but nothing more. No fear of evil tidings, no alarm for what might be coming, was in her peaceful soul.

"What would you say to a marriage in

the family?" said Mrs. Hartley.

"A marriage! But, dear aunt, there is any one." nobody to marry—unless," said Anne, with a pleasant ring of laughter, "without my knowing anything about it, it should be me."

"Nobody to marry? Do you think the boys are nobody?" said Mrs. Hartley, with a little snort of partial offense.

"The boys! Oh, did you mean the boys?"

said Anne, bewildered.

She made a little momentary pause, as if confused, and then said, rather foolishly:

"The boys' weddings will be weddings in

other families, not here."

nothing but the wedding; but I suppose you take more interest in your cousins than that," said Mrs. Hartley. "Francis came in quite unexpectedly when you were out."

"Francis?" Is it Francis?" said Anne, in

a hurried low tone of dismay.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Hartley.

nothing more natural. He was a full-grown | quaintance with my future daughter. Perman. But the surprise (surely it was only | haps as the girls have both got their own surprise made Anne quite giddy for the engagements, and Letty would not like me moment. Her head swam, the light seemed | to take Susan without asking her, perhaps I to change somehow, and darken round her. | had best take you with me, Anne." She felt physically as if she had received a violent and sudden blow.

"To be sure," she said, mechanically, feel-

ing that her voice sounded strange, and did not seem to belong to her-" Why not? suppose it is the most natural thing in the world, only it never came into my head."

"That is nonsense," said her aunt, somewhat sharply. "Indeed the wonder is that Francis has not married before. He is over thirty, and making a good income, and when I die he will have the most part of what I have. Indeed it is in a sort of a way his duty to marry. I do not see how any one could be surprised."

Anne was silent, feeling with a confused thankfulness that no reply was necessary, and after a pause Mrs. Hartley resumed in

a softened tone:

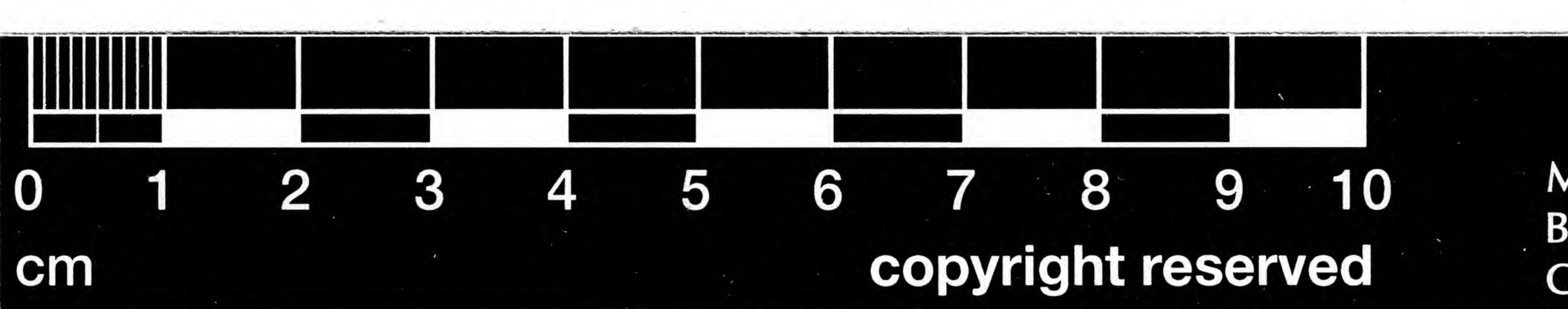
"I confess, however, that for the moment I did not expect anything of the kind. I generally have a feeling when something is going to happen; but I had not the least warning this morning. It came upon me all at once. Anne, I do think, after living with us all your life, you might show a little more interest. You have never even asked who the lady is."

"It was very stupid of me," said Anne, forcing herself to speak. "Do we know her? Do you like her? I cannot think of

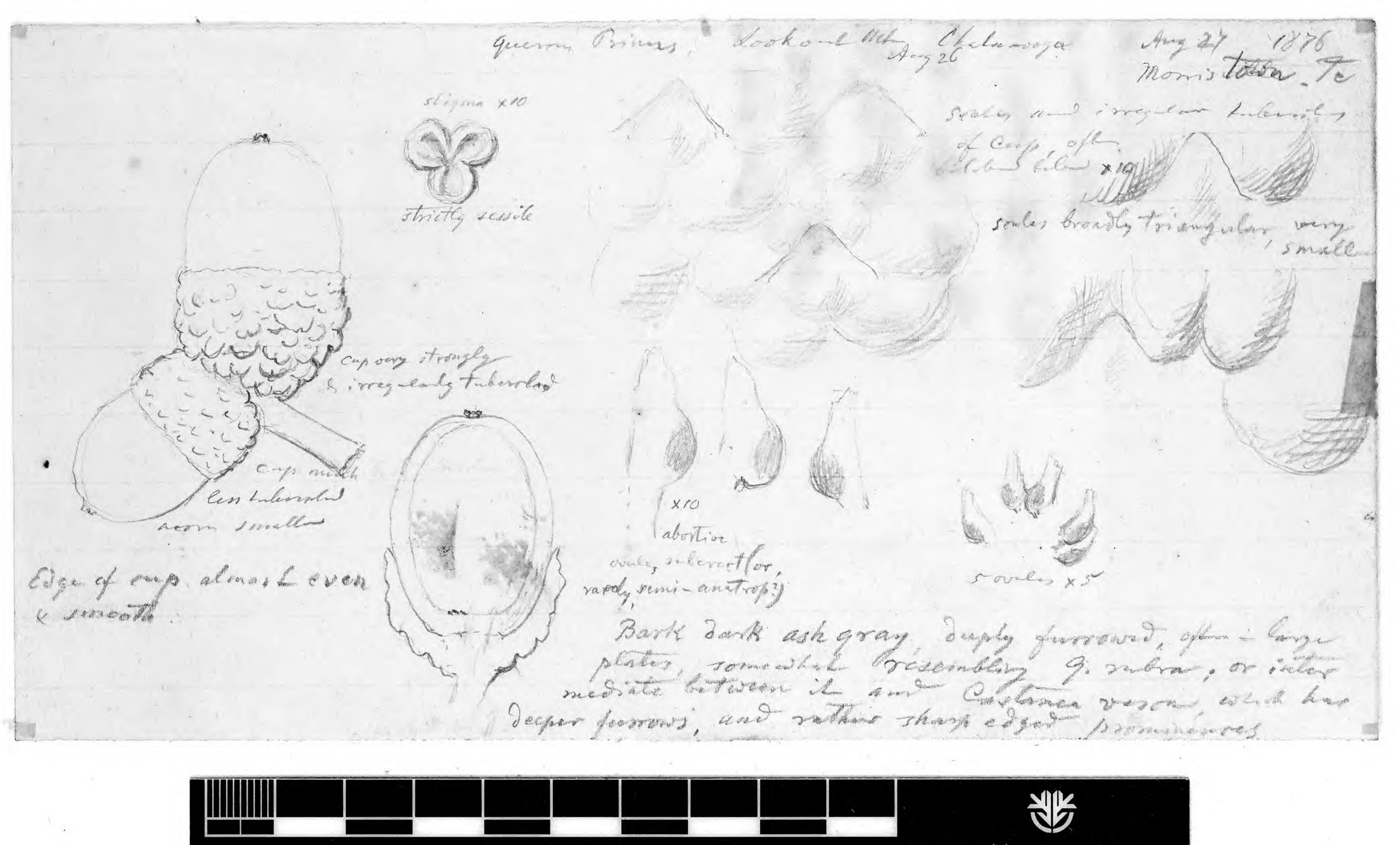
"No, indeed, I suppose not," said Mrs. Hartley. "She is not one of our set. It will be a capital marriage for Francis though, indeed, a man of his abilities may aspire to any one. It is Miss Parker, the daughter of the Attorney-General, Anne; a man just as sure to be Lord Chancellor as I am to eat my dinner. She will be the Honorable Mrs. Francis Hartley one day of course the Honorable is not much of itself. If it had been some poor Irish or Scotch girl, for instance, who happened to be a Lord's daughter; but the Lord Chan-"That is true enough if you think of cellor is very different. Fancy the interest it will give him, not to say that it will be of the greatest importance to him in his profession; the Lord Chancellor's son-in-law; nobody can have a greater idea than I have of my son's abilities," continued the old lady; "but such a connection as this is never to be disregarded. I am to call upon Why not, indeed? There could be Lady Parker to-morrow, and make ac-

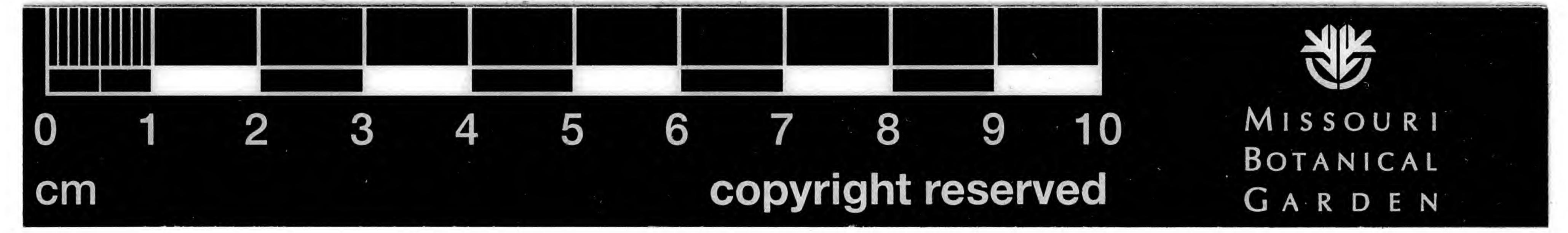
> "Oh, thanks, aunt," said Anne, tremulously. "Did you hear anything about the

young lady herself?"









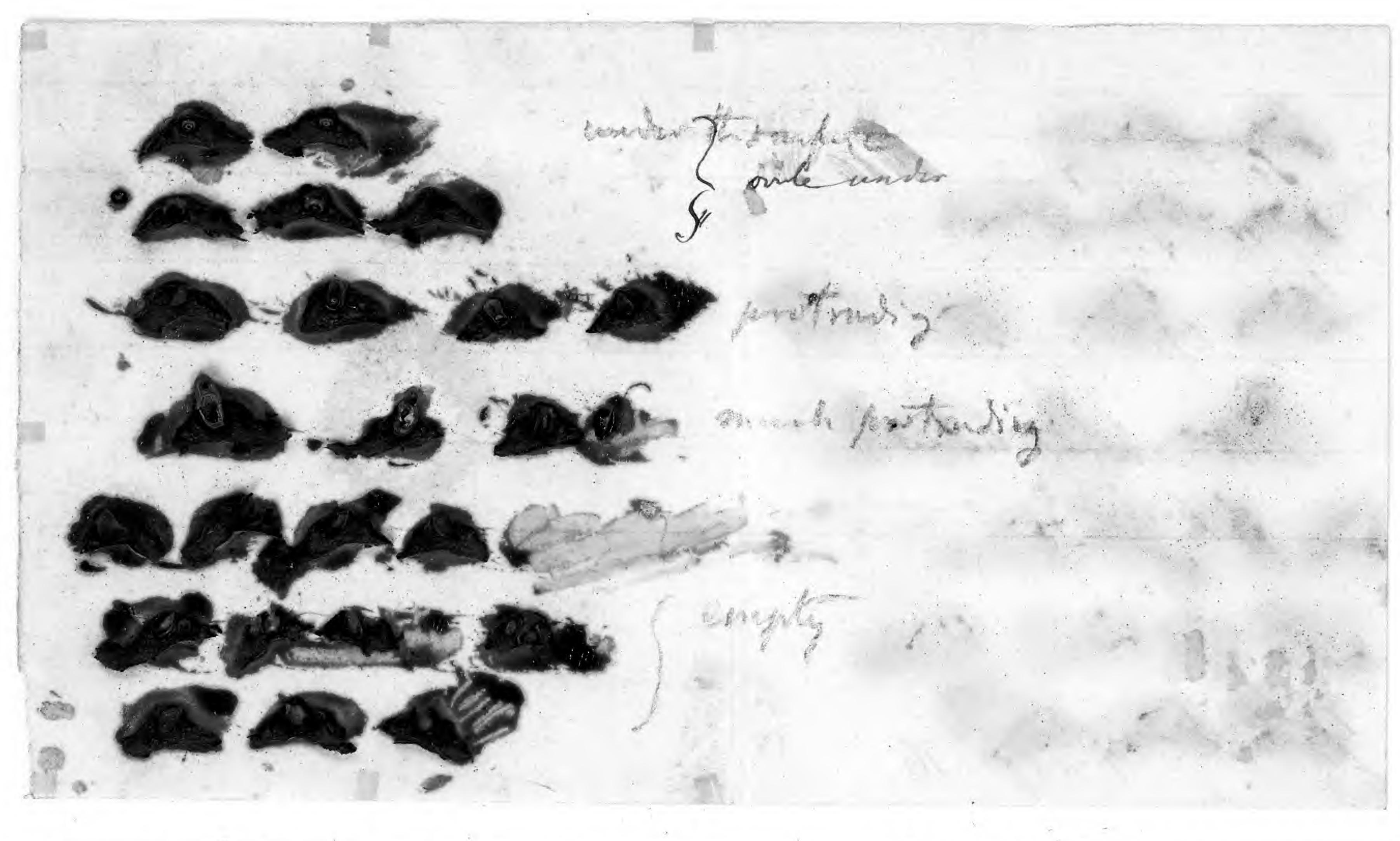
MISS BOTANICAL GARDEN

GEORGE ENGELMANT PAPERS



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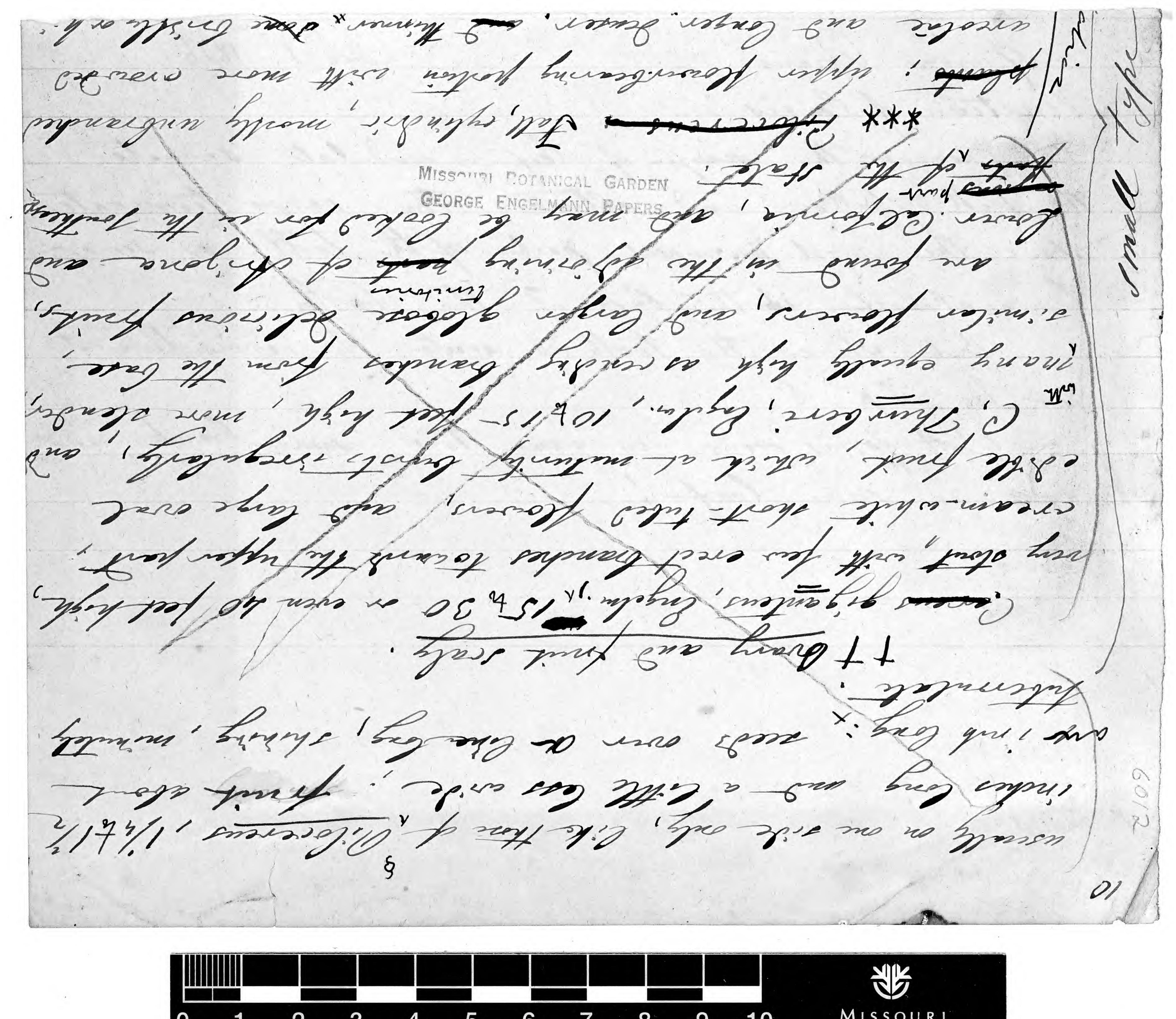
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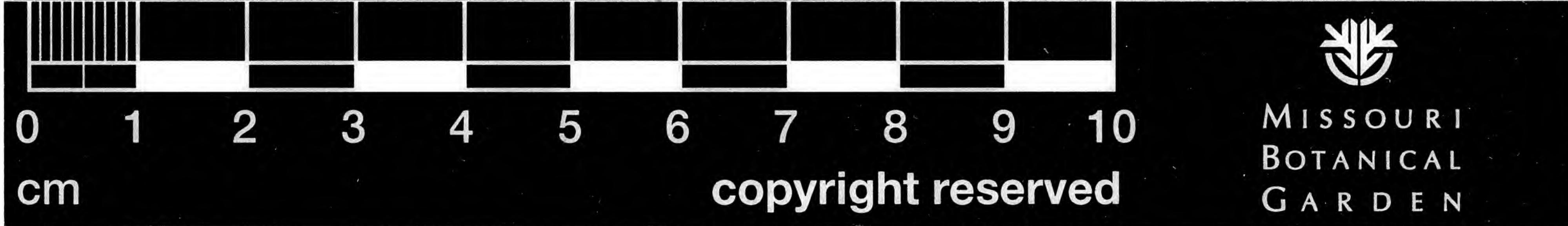
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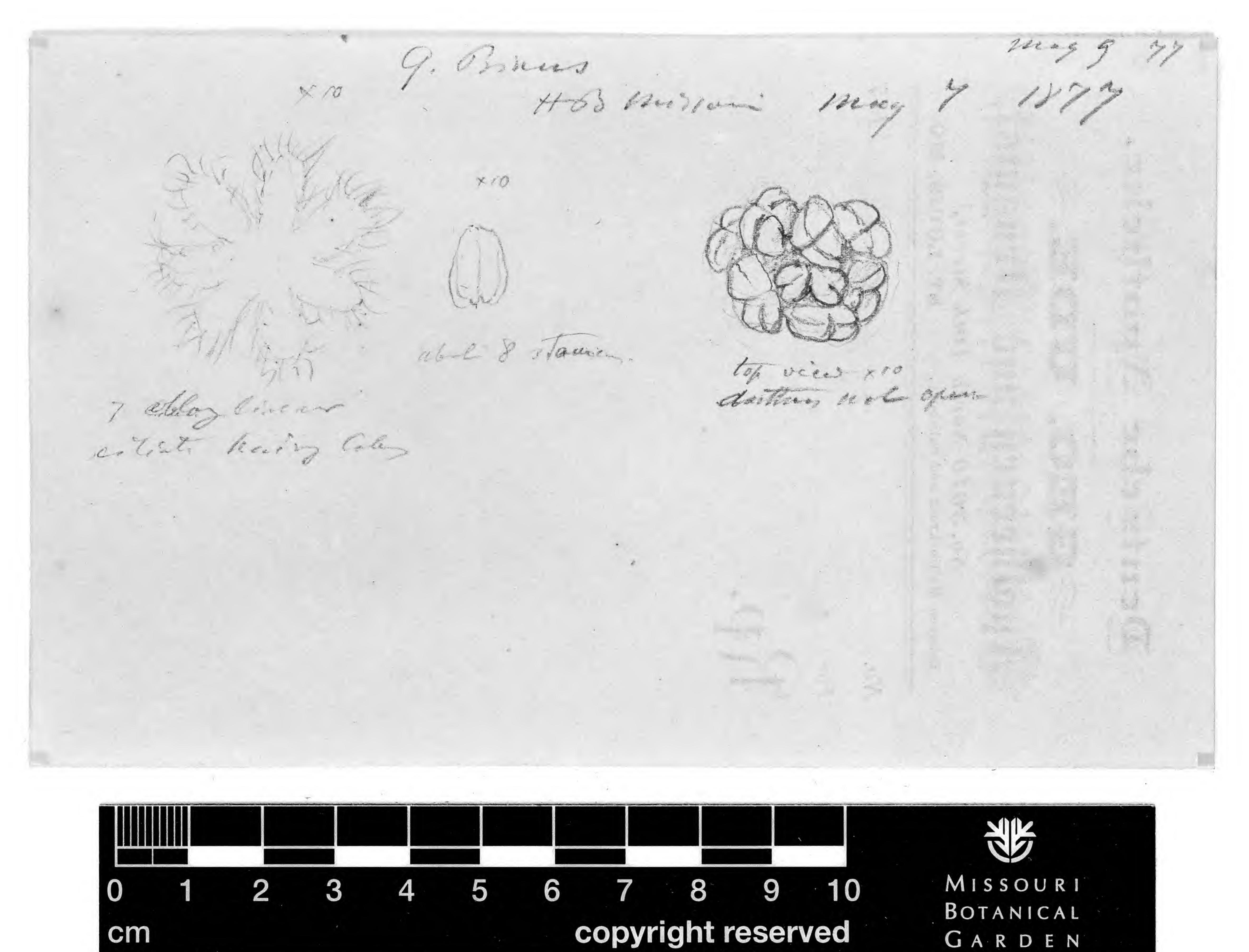




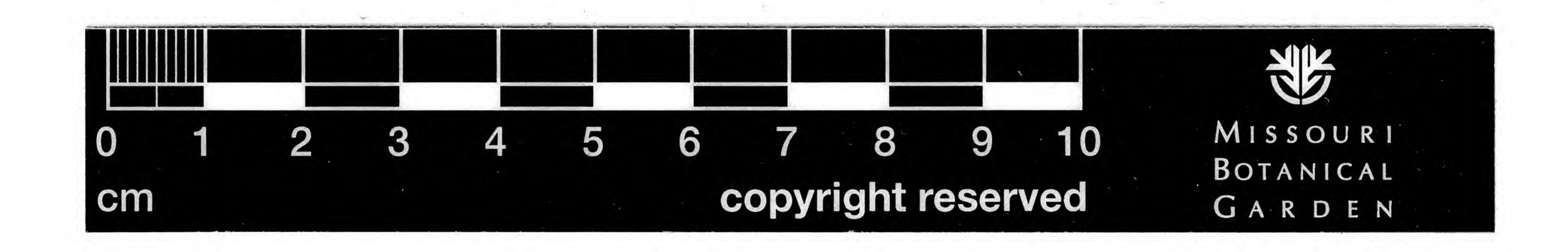












"They must have eaten it,—d—n 'em!" said Mrs. Brackett in a hoarse whisper.

"It didn't look like suthin' to eat," said Dumphy.

"You saw 'em take it from the fire?"

"Ves!"

"And rub it?"

"Yes!"

"Fool. Don't you see—"

"What?"

"It was a baked potato." Dumphy sat dumbfounded.

"Why should they rub it—it takes off the cracklin' skin?" he said.

"They've got such fine stomachs!" answered Mrs. Brackett with an oath.

Dumphy was still aghast with the impor-

tance of his discovery.

more!" he whispered eagerly.

"Where?"

"I didn't get to hear."

"Fool! Why didn't ye rush in and grip his throat until he told yer," hissed Mrs. Brackett, in a tempest of baffled rage and disappointment. "Ye ain't got the spunk of a flea. Let me git hold of that gal— Hush! what's that?"

"He's moving!" said Dumphy.

In an instant they had both changed again into slinking, crouching, baffled animals, eager only for escape. Yet they dared not move.

The old man had turned over, and his lips were moving in the mutterings of delirium. Presently he called "Grace!"

With a sign of caution to her companion the woman leaned over him.

"Yes, deary, I'm here."

"Tell him not to forget. Make him keep his promise. Ask him where it is buried!"

"Yes, deary!" "He'll tell you. He knows!"

"Yes, deary!"

"At the head of Monument Cañon. hundred feet north of the lone pine. Dig two feet down below the surface of the cairn."

"Ves!"

"Where the wolves can't get it."

"Yes!"

"The stones keep it from ravenous beasts."

"Yes, in course!"

"That might tear it up."

"Yes!"

"Starving beasts!"

"Yes, deary!"

The fire of his wandering eyes went out

suddenly like a candle. His jaw dropped. He was dead. And over him the man and woman crouched in fearful joy,—looking at each other with the first smile that had been upon their lips since they had entered the fateful cañon.

CHAPTER III.

GABRIEL.

IT was found the next morning, that the party was diminished by five. Philip Ashley and Grace Conroy, Peter Dumphy and Mrs. Brackett were missing; Dr. Paul Devarges was dead. The death of the old man caused but little excitement and no sorrow; the absconding of the others was attributed to some information which they had selfishly with-"He said he knew where there was held from the remaining ones, and produced a spasm of impotent rage. In five minutes their fury knew no bounds. The lives and property of the fugitives were instantly declared forfeit. Steps were taken—about twenty, I think—in the direction of their flight, but finally abandoned.

Only one person knew that Philip and Grace had gone together—Gabriel Conroy. On awakening early that morning he had found pinned to his blanket, a paper with

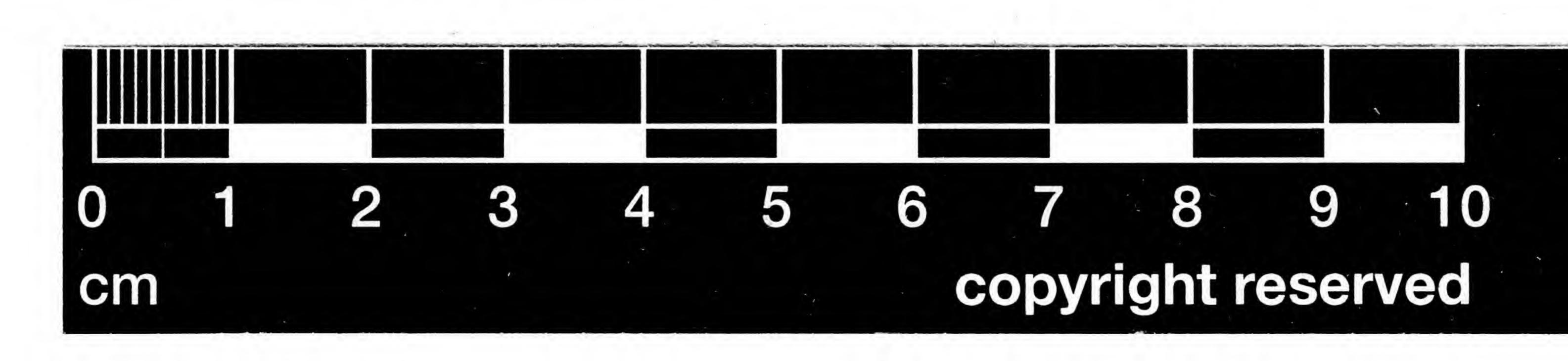
these words in pencil:

"God bless dear brother and sister, and keep them until Philip and I come back with

help."

With it were a few scraps of provisions, evidently saved by Grace from her scant rations, and left as a parting gift. These Gabriel instantly turned into the common stock.

Then he began to comfort the child. Added to his natural hopefulness he had a sympathetic instinct with the pains and penalties of childhood, not so much a quality of his intellect as of his nature. He had all the physical adaptabilities of a nurse—a large, tender touch, a low persuasive voice, pliant yet unhesitating limbs, and broad wellcushioned surfaces. During the weary journey women had instinctively intrusted babies to his charge, most of the dead had died in his arms, all forms and conditions of helplessness had availed themselves of his easy capacity. No one thought of thanking him. I do not think he ever expected it; he always appeared morally irresponsible and quite unconscious of his own importance, and, as is frequent in such cases, there was a tendency to accept his services at his own valuation. Nay more; there was a slight consciousness of superiority in those who





WILSSOUTH BOTTYCHL GARDEN

thus gave him an opportunity of exhibiting his special faculty.

"Olly," he said, after an airy preliminary toss, "would ye like to have a nice dolly?"

Olly opened her wide hungry eyes in hopeful anticipation and nodded assent.

"A nice dolly with a real mamma," he continued, "who plays with it like a true baby. Would ye like to help her play with

The idea of a joint partnership of this kind evidently pleased Olly by its novelty.

"Well then, brother Gabe will get you one. But Gracey will have to go away so that the doll's mamma kin come."

Olly at first resented this, but eventually succumbed to novelty, after the fashion of her sex, starving or otherwise. Yet she prudently asked:

"Is it ever hungry?"

"It is never hungry," replied Gabriel, confidently.

"Oh!" said Olly, with an air of relief.

Then Gabriel, the cunning, sought Mrs.

Dumphy, the mentally alienated.

"You are jest killin' of yourself with the tendin' o' that child," he said, after bestowing a caress on the blanket and slightly pinching an imaginary cheek of the effigy. "It would be likelier and stronger fur a playmate. Good gracious! how thin it is gettin'. A change will do it good; fetch it to Olly, and let her help you tend it until until—to-morrow." To-morrow was the extreme limit of Mrs. Dumphy's future.

So Mrs. Dumphy and her effigy were installed in Grace's place, and Olly was made happy. A finer nature or a more active imagination than Gabriel's would have revolted at this monstrous combination; but Gabriel only saw that they appeared contented, and the first pressing difficulty of Grace's absence was overcome. So alternately they took care of the effigy, the child simulating the cares of the future and losing the present in them, the mother living in the memories of the past. Perhaps it might have been pathetic to have seen Olly and Mrs. Dumphy both saving the infinitesimal remnants of their provisions for the doll, but the only spectator was one of the actors, Gabriel, who lent himself to the deception; and pathos to be effective must be viewed from the outside.

At noon that day the hysterical young man, Gabriel's cousin, died. Gabriel went over to the other hut and endeavored to cheer the survivors. He succeeded in infecting them so far with his hopefulness as to

loosen the tongue and imagination of the story-teller, but at four o'clock the body had not yet been buried.

It was evening, and the three were sitting over the embers, when a singular change came over Mrs. Dumphy. The effigy suddenly slipped from her hands, and, looking up, Gabriel perceived that her arms had dropped to her side, and that her eyes were fixed on vacancy. He spoke to her, but she made no sign nor response of any kind. He touched her, and found her limbs rigid and motionless. Olly began to cry.

The sound seemed to agitate Mrs. Dumphy. Without moving a limb, she said, in a changed, unnatural voice:

"Hark!"

Olly choked her sobs at a sign from Gabriel.

- "They're coming!" said Mrs. Dumphy.
- "Which?" said Gabriel.
- "The relief party."

"Where?"

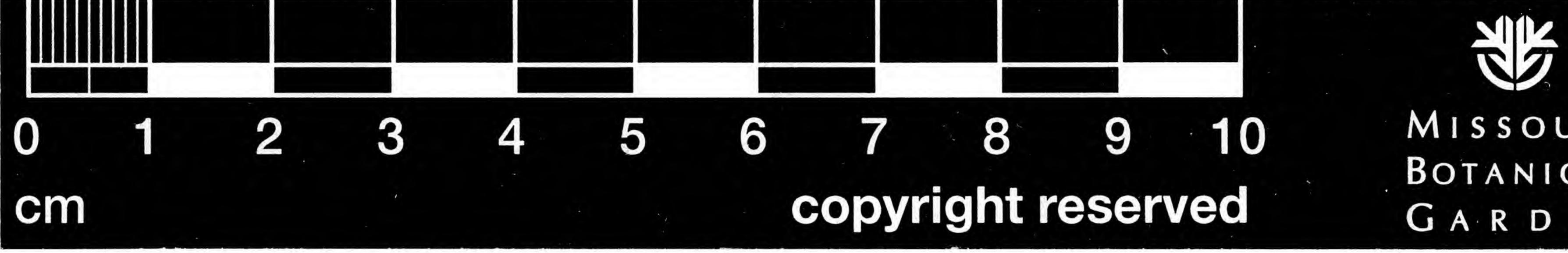
"Far, far away. They're jest setting out. I see 'em—a dozen men with pack horses and provisions. The leader is an American—the others are strangers. coming—but far, oh, so far away!"

Gabriel fixed his eyes upon her but did not speak. After a death-like pause, she

went on:

- "The sun is shining, the birds are singing, the grass is springing where they ride—but, oh, so far—too far away!"
 - "Do you know them?" asked Gabriel.
 - " No."
 - "Do they know us?"
 - " No."
- "Why do they come, and how do they know where we are?" asked Gabriel.
 - "Their leader has seen us."
 - "Where?"
 - "In a dream." *

Gabriel whistled and looked at the rag baby. He was willing to recognize something abnormal, and perhaps even prophetic, in this insane woman; but a coincident exaltation in a stranger who was not suffering from the illusions produced by starvation



^{*} I fear I must task the incredulous reader's further patience by calling attention to what may perhaps prove the most literal and thoroughly attested fact of this otherwise fanciful chronicle. The condition and situation of the ill-famed "Donner Party"—then an unknown, unheralded cavalcade of emigrantsstarving in an unfrequented pass of the Sierras, was first made known to Captain Yount of Napa, in a dream. The Spanish records of California show that the relief party which succored the survivors was projected upon this spiritual information.

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MISSOURI BOTANIC GEORGE ENGELMAI high holf an with in draweter kut thei Cast Chracterstie of the trie es to be explained on other Hour notural or normal Conditions The annual fires in those barrens having killed the above ground growth for many years the root becomes laye and matured Er Hat I malines the its growths annually and if they escape the fur for a light for produce fruit unmersely. with countres of South western I ow a the plant first Offer as a low Should onl over vant bus on barren agranell ornigh land the tree proportion, were attained in the Northern, Courties of Kausas the long narrow short with leaf and Elender a com were observed on the Showles as well as the trees and will a Coaren & Twothed leaf & Shorten Thicker a come go Exporat them by any characters of Co

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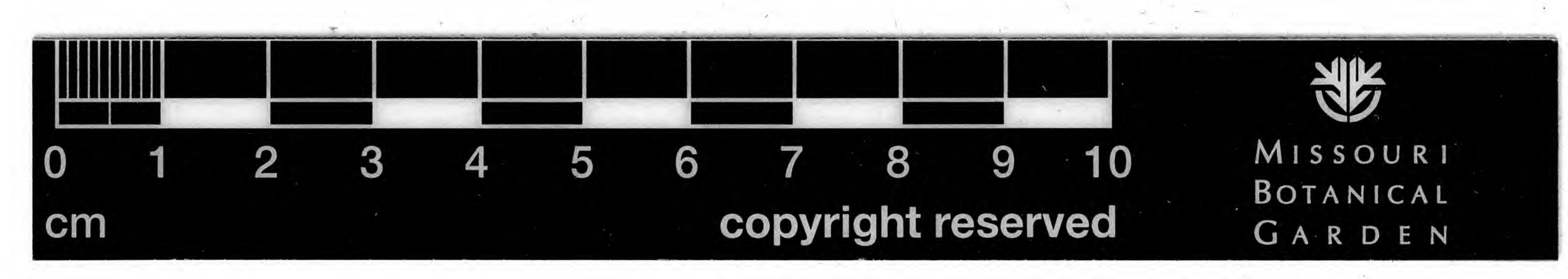
SOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN RGE ENGELMANN PAPERS Crad dis com the Sund Jun Specemen & especially of a fall flowery our Smut with in Kannas I thuis I did if not I will Coole The Rock Chestnut oak hen 5 und to conder as district from the much longen udber ground broader Shorten leaved & lagen acom but recents I keen a splied to regard them as A vorieties produced Simply by the accident of Lituation the viole Chestruct growing On the prous hills & new bluffs I the big tree in the with allemals of Prairies booken or bottoms why This characteritie of Situations does not hold good hi the western ver Epremen woul Elem. to desprove this un Idea og bocatite variation. kut So for Cothe wester plant is considered their Gannot be more than Varietal disperences

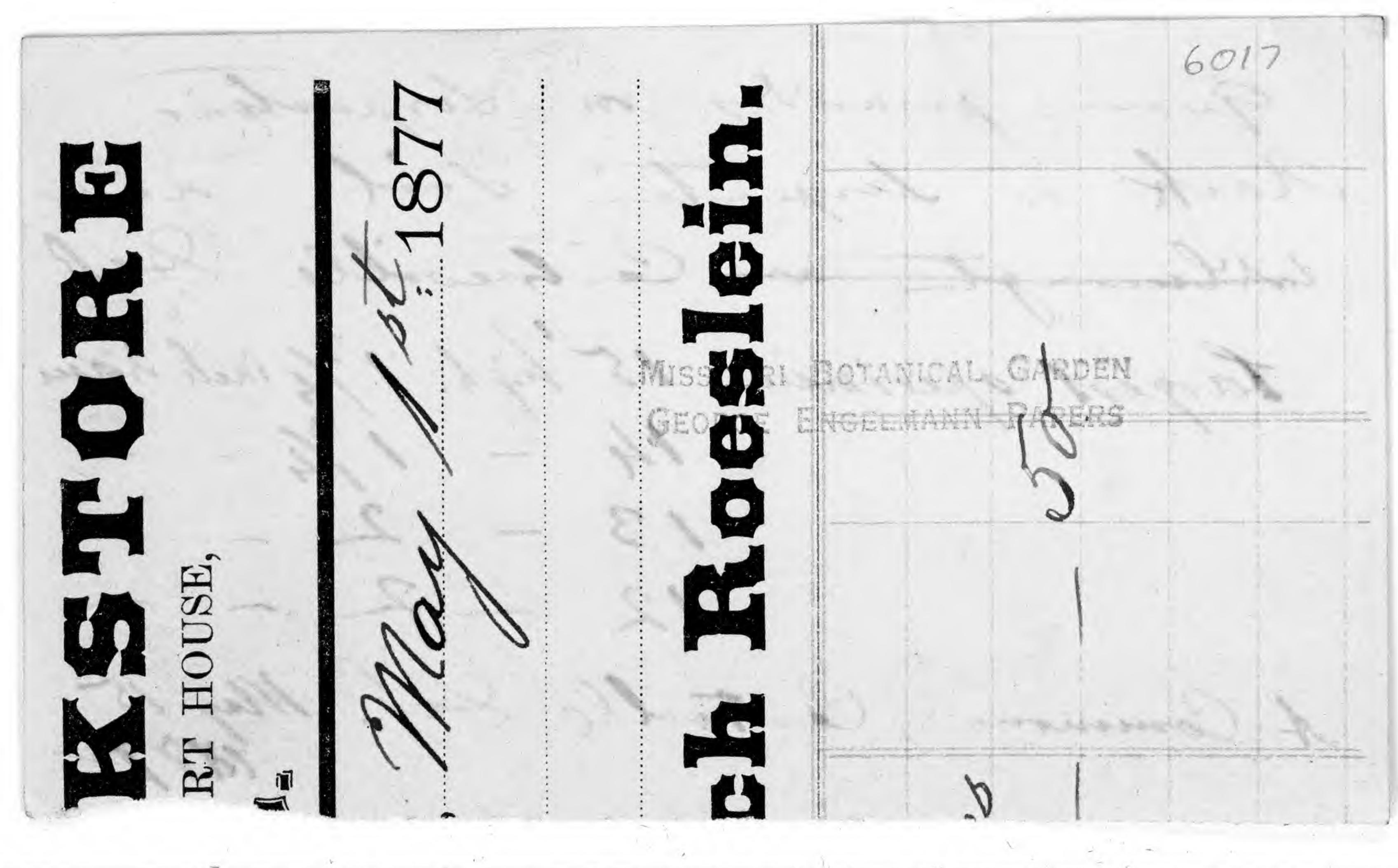
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What ever may be finally agreed whow astitte 2 forung ile Spearer here Command me at any time ni ang way. I can help for in Jon in vestigations unel with

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Junes primites on despendice Rock or Sergentim doil near lather Gentreville Del Largest sperimens 15 high. 13/4 inch Same A Commons, Centrelle Del. My 15







Aco May 31" May Jun 3" Centreville del May 17th. 1877 Dr Geo. Engelmann Dear Sri, after your letter Came I looked up a good svæd Specimen of guerens Primides to Lend yun and fund one measuring 15 1/2 ft mi length, 1/2 mi Dian at the Base, as this would be two large to sent by mail, I cut it partly off at short lengths and doubled the prices together so that I could frank them in a Bay, this Bor I will forment to you to morrous by Lepress. I add another truck of ane cut down last autumn mi the Dame locality shaming a has of still greater thickness (21/4 inche). en closed also core frish leanes and young fruit taken afram Ate

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speaniem Cut gestuding the young shoots are from the Strings of these I had ont down last antunn, the fruit speannen are fram the Danne Rocality Cultedet Lame Jean ags. This oak is mut Commun mi Atul Micimity. I get then sprennen frum tro smell frakets or thicket on Serpentine Soil, the patete are about 1/8 of a mile distant from each other, with no atte of the Same spicies near, what I will call Not. is a Small fratch on Amicket which has serettendet itself to about 14 fect in Diameter, the layest Abrule being 61/2 ft in hengt and 3/4 of our wind in Diameter at Base the other patch subill sall call

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GARDEN GARDEN No 2. Contains the larger Digit Ahrules Ce m' smulen of smaller ones being intermyled) befor they muce Cut dann, there grune in a Spare of about 5 fect in Drambine for 30 gears past 1 hare Known and fregmetty frassul through these two thrukets, buty dues one of them assume the tree form of run grunth, the other settain e. E. the lower bush form, and uhat distringrushes gurrens Le Trimoles fram 9 Frams other than a druorf form of growth? ies Country the annual layer orings of one it appear to have attained the age of about 20 grans, git I doubt est. souther the majority of there I will have to look further

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before I com answer the Bark griestinn, Browler Hus tasimely a dark Culoued bush, an the branches & townered the settremeties the outer back in peeling off curts backment gring it a roughish sappearance, I nutice a token scalping of the branches in Stillate also but not en Alba a Primes, mehangi her suhritist bark, mit dark like Breuler. I would have to look mune Closely into the matter before I could undetake to answer the Bark questroi mitte sataspaction and mentium At above Sunt as they non ocen to the many, They Truly Jums A Camons

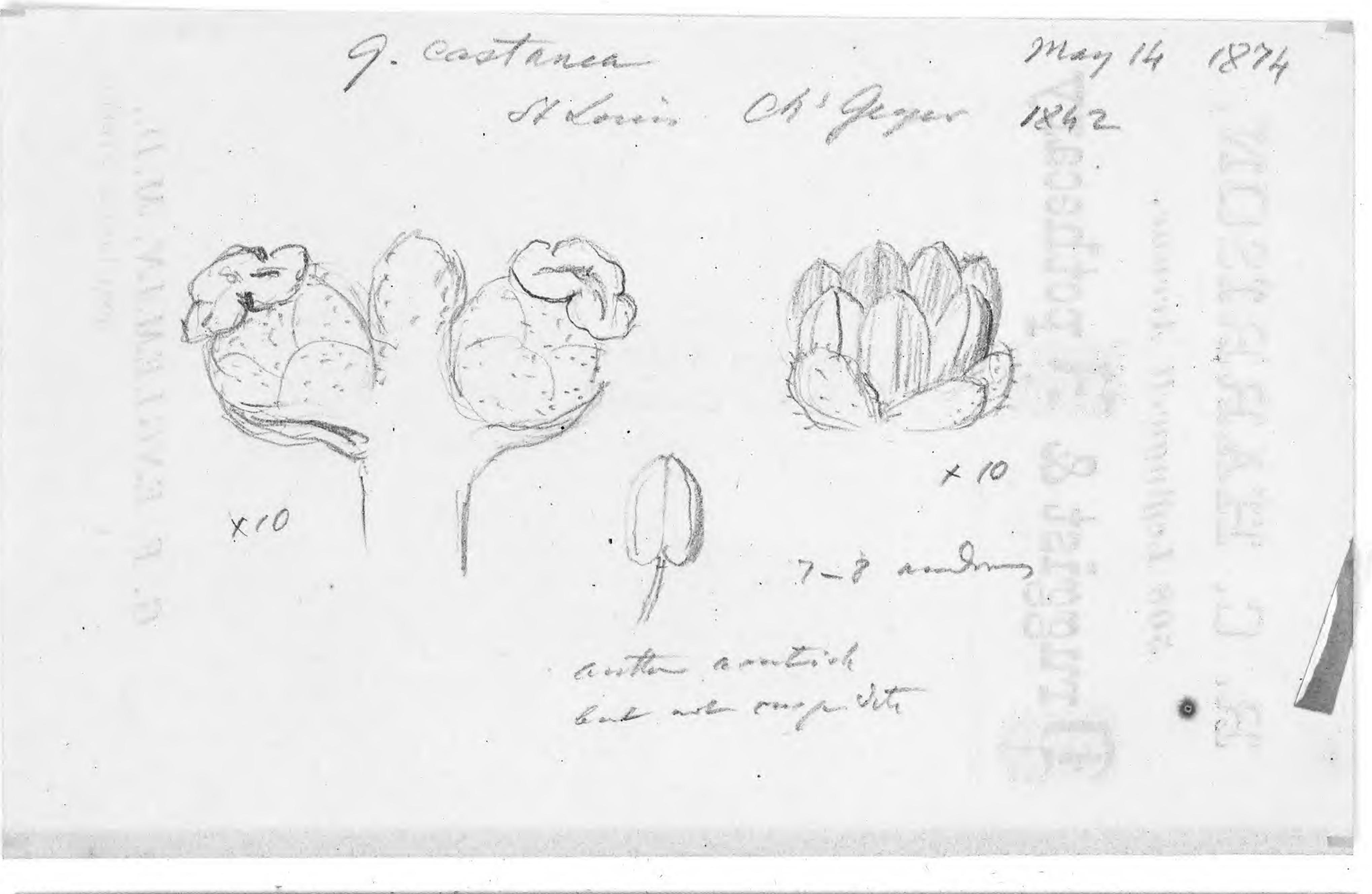
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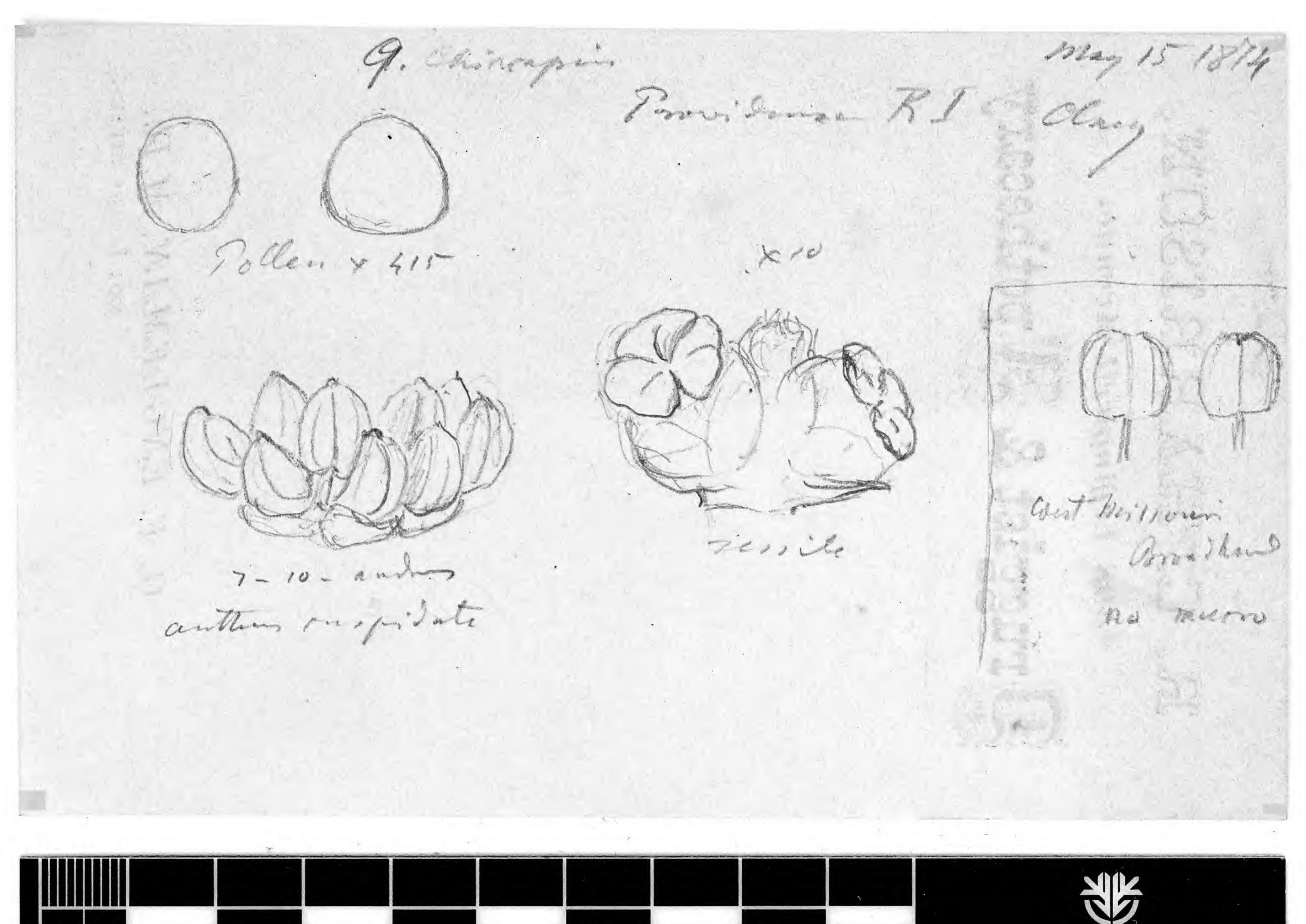






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June, Mahlesberg Eyl.

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Joseph of Gundaloupe Mountain,

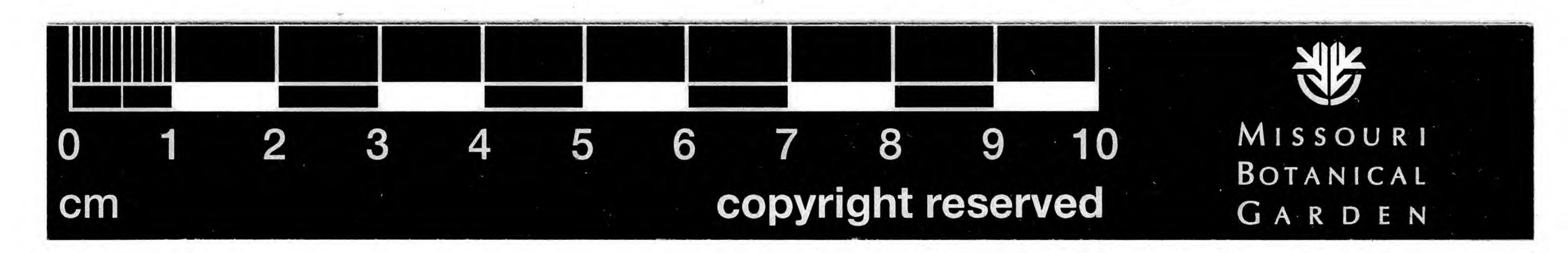
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the former [2, alla, polustis], when graving in a munit mil, is the scarcely to be distinguished printi het in a dry one it approaches mune to de, Onnes, and pour Meller's or Mangen frems description I suspect it to have been Coundered as a some variety of the latter, Ho Cups an simile * Luercus Costama i plins Mongo. lan Cedatis a cuminatis southers tomentosis, grosse dentitis, dentitus subaquelitus bilatetis aprice calleris, Will. Appears to be I. Pring var. polistus & Michay, no. 5. pl. b. MISSOURI

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cm

BOTANICAL

GARDEN

July and a var, of the former. Here almost the former. I A men species, ditt, pour l'ai pllning. I call it Querons princides - (& then platine ehar, of mul). b, Inercus princes is very well miles He grows on try ground, in company " One. Tragues Castonea. The acoms an of the layer kind, and fall off early, the ar upma fort stalls half an inch for M van durable ne is the the his / Lat 6 min

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GARDEN

De Stant to Mithlenberg, Florala Lancastriessis 1082. 2. Castama (acaminata, Micho.) pt "Caule artres alts, cortice suballescents ex-At and he and (A B. frincides, with char, Will. Orecerry this is the Dicker Cy "Caule artine atto, cuties albescenté" Mter 2. contanea 's I, primers de l'Caule arbreo alto, cortier suballescente MISSOUN STANICAL GARDEN GEORGE GELMANN PAPERS > 1000 1876 MISSOURI BOTANICAL copyright reserved cm GARDEN

